Dem. Well roard Lyon.

Duke. Well runne *Thisbie.*

Dutch. Well ſhoone *Moone.* Truely the Moone ſhines with a good grace.

Du'ke. Well mouz'd *Lyon.*

Dem. And then came *Piramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lyon vaniſht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thank thee for thy ſunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright.
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to take of trueſt *Thisbie* ſight.
But ſtay: ô ſpight! but marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! how can it be!
O dainty ducke, ô deare!
Thy mantle good, what ſtaind with blood?
Approach ye Furies fell,
O fates come, come, cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This paſſion, and the death of a deare friend would goe neere to make a man looke ſad.

Dutch. Beſhrew my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, didſt thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon vilde hath heere deſlour'd my deare;
Which is, no, no, which was the faireſt dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.
Come teares confound, out ſword and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule, is in the sky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Leſſe then an ace man
Duke. With the helpe of a
uer and proue an aſſe.

Dutch. How chance Moon
Thisby comes backe, and finde
Duke. She will finde him by
and her paſſion ends the play
Dut. Me-thinkes ſhe ſhou
a *Piramus*: I hope ſhe will be
Dem. A Moth will turne
which *Thisbie* is the better: h
ſhe for a woman, God bleſſe
Lyſ. She hath ſpied him al
Dem. And thus ſhe meanes
Thiſ. Aſleepe my Loue? W
O *Piramus* ariſe,
Speake, ſpeake. Quite dumbe
Muſt couer thy ſweete eies.
Theſe lilly lips, this cherry no
Theſe yellow cowſlip cheek
Are gone, are gone; Louers
His eyes were greene as Leek
O ſiſters three, come, come t
With hands as pale as milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you
With ſheeres, his thred of ſil
Tongue not a word, come tr
Come blade, my breaſt imbr
And farwell friends, thus *Th*
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
Duke. Moone-ſhine and L
Deme. I, and Wall too
Lyon. No, I aſſure you
their Fathers. Will it pleaſe
heare a Bergomask dance, b